



John Muir Correspondence (PDFs)

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1863-01-25

## Letter from Harry A. Varnell to John Muir, 1863 Jan 25

Harry A. Varnell

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Chicago Sunday Jan 26<sup>th</sup> 1869

Friend John Mura

As it is Sunday Evening

I will try to write you a few lines and let you know how we all are. I am well and expect to start to school tomorrow. I have been to work to Palmer for two dollars a week.

Father and Mother are well but Mother has been sick but is about well now. Father is to work at the Butcher Business he is doing very well. It is as warm as Summer here now not a bit of snow is to be found and as much as it can be this is awful sickening weather persons are dying every day and morning are fever or <sup>five</sup> ~~four~~ <sup>French</sup> ~~any~~ <sup>pus</sup> every day I have got a nice little <sup>French</sup> ~~any~~ <sup>pus</sup> ~~pus~~ and a ~~cup~~ <sup>cup</sup> one two

on the South Side there is a large skating pond it costs \$2.00 @ ticket or 25c to come in. Once if you get a ticket you can skate all winter and any time you want. I have gone to church and Mother has got the heart ache or she would write give my love to Dave and Luanna. Mother sends her <sup>regards</sup> ~~love~~ to you and would be glad to hear from you. I live at No 71 7<sup>th</sup> Avenue between

Van Buren and Harrison but as it is getting  
late I must close so good bye --

your Friend  
Harry A. Varnell

Monday Morning Jan 26<sup>th</sup> 63

Dear Friend

I will scribble a line in Harry's  
letter you will forgive me for not writing to you  
before. I have been sick and have my house to  
attend to keep one boarder. I had hoped to  
see Madison before this think I shall not untill  
summer. If you come to Chicago please call and  
see me Mr Varnell is well and hard to work  
I hope he will try to be more steady than in other  
days. Oh may god help us to do our duty in  
the fear of sudden destruction. It is sickly  
here. Smallpox and fever. the weather is wet  
and disagreeable. I hope you are well and enjoying  
yourself. Remember me John in your secret  
devotions that I fall not by the way. Write soon  
My Respects to you and all our friends  
God bless you Good bye.

Your Friend

C. A. Varnell

P.S. Chicago Ill.



Chicago,  
Sunday, Jan. 25th, 1863.

Friend John Muir:

As it is Sunday evening I will try to write you a few lines and let you know how we all are. I am well and expect to start to school tomorrow. I have been to work to Palmers' for two dollars a week.

Father and Mother are well, but Mother has been sick, but is about well now. Father is to work at the butcher business. He is doing very well.

It is as warm as summer here now - not a bit of snow is to be found and as muddy as it can be. This is awful sickening weather. Persons are dying every day, and mourning on four or five houses every day. I have got a nice little French pony. On the south side there is a large skating pond. It costs \$2.00 a ticket, or 25 cts. to come in once. If you get a ticket you can skate all winter and any time you want.

Pa has gone to church, and mother has got the headache, or she would write. Give my love to Dave and Joanna. Mother sends her respects to you, and would be glad to hear from you.

I live at No. 41 4th Avenue, between Van Buren and Harrison, but as it is getting late I must close, so goodbye,  
Your friend,

Harry A. Varnell

[Following letter written on same sheet of paper]

Monday morning, Jan. 26th, '63.

Dear Friend:

I will scribble a line in Harry's letter. You will forgive me for not writing to you before. I have been sick and have my house to attend to -- keep one boarder. I had hoped to see Madison before this. Think I shall not until summer. If you come to Chicago please call and see us. Mr. Varnell is well and hard to work. I hope he will try to be more steady than in other days. Oh may God help us to do our duty in the fear of sudden destruction!

It is sickly here - smallpox and fevers. The weather is wet and disagreeable. Remember me, John, in your secret devotion, that I fall not by the way. Write soon. My respects to you and all our friends. God bless you. Goodbye,

Your friend,

E. I. Varnell.